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THE EVENING EDITION  
OF  
THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, April 14, was as follows:

MONDAY	100,320
TUESDAY	94,380
WEDNESDAY	102,300
THURSDAY	100,820
FRIDAY	100,480
SATURDAY	98,160

Average for the entire  
Month of March, 106,291

THE EVENING WORLD has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

#### MAKING A TEST.

Tammany Hall's war upon the Sugar Trust is the best kind of politics—that which makes a party an instrument for serving the people. The World some time since took the ground that this Trust could be prosecuted and broken up under existing laws. The Tammany Committee has asked the Attorney-General to proceed against the members of the Trust, and that official has directed that a hearing be given upon the complaint. The Sugar Trust is a conspiracy to restrict trade and arbitrarily fix the price of a universal necessity. It is time to find out whether organized robbery is legal.

#### A BAD PLAN.

An attempt is made by a clique of scheming politicians, backed by two or three disappointed land speculators, to transfer the management of the Brooklyn Bridge from the control of the capable business men and public-spirited citizens who compose the present Board of Trustees to three persons selected by the Mayors of the two cities. The plan is a thoroughly bad one. For years the excuse for the bad management of public affairs has been that business men of ability and character would take no part in them. Now that we have a Board of Trustees composed of such men, it is proposed to legislate them out of office, and turn the Bridge over to the control of the politicians who may elect our future Mayors. The Legislature is not likely to approve such a step backward.

#### CRUEL SCIENCE.

Emperor Frederick's pathetic and despairing heart-cries to the Court Chaplain tell his true condition better than all the bulletins: "You pray for my preservation; pray rather for my release."

Medical science is more cruel in nothing than in preserving the life of a patient hopelessly ill with cancer. To prolong physical suffering and mental anguish in the face of a certain doom is not an achievement to be proud of. Men are more kind to their faithful brute friends and servants than to themselves in such an emergency.

Poor Farriz!—to be an Emperor and so powerless and so unloved!

#### DEAD FOOLS.

Again the cycle of murders and suicides for an insane delusion, misallied love, goes whirling through the country.

Two Texas men have killed themselves with poison because one pretty girl would not marry either of them. A married man of mature years shot and killed another man's wife in a Maine town and then fired a fatal shot into his own head because they both "preferred death to separation." A man in a Southern city shot and killed a blameless young woman for exercising her prerogative not to wed him.

And so the record of crime and lunacy fills up, while "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

Good Father Hickey says that he has so far arranged the differences between ANDREW CARNEGIE and his employees that 1,000 of them will return to work. "Blessed are the peace-makers."

Mr. Kern does not show good judgment in seeking a change of venue. There is, as the records of the courts since January show, no safer place than this city for law-breakers to be tried in.

Forger Benson made one mistake in his calculations for escape. He should have been committed to the Tombs under the late administration.

When labor organizations antagonize one another combined capital laughs.

Having Trouble.  
(From Harper's Bazar.)  
Husband (in the early morning)—What are you getting through my pockets for, my dear?  
Wife—A little change, John.  
Husband—Have you no money of your own?  
Wife—Yes; but it is so much easier to find a man's pocket, John, than a woman's.

A Good One to Hold.  
(From Harper's Bazar.)  
Dumley—Brown wants to bet me \$100 that in ten years more New York will have a population of over two millions.  
Somerset (cheerfully)—Take him up, Dumley, take him up, and let me hold the money.

#### RELISHES FOR THE TABLE.

Red snapper, 15 cents.  
Bass, 15 cents a pound.  
Shad, 50 to 75 cents each.  
Haddock, 10 cents a pound.  
Flounders, 10 cents a pound.  
White bait, 50 cents a pound.  
Florida oranges, \$1.25 a dozen.  
Cordish oranges, 15 cents a dozen.  
String beans, 30 cents a small measure.  
Red bananas, 50 cents; yellow bananas, 35 cents a dozen.

#### JERSEY CITY FAVORITES.

Commissioner Hillard, of the Board of Works, has a beard which reaches to his waist.  
Surrogate O'Neill wears his hair in a Pompadour. He is a great favorite among his friends.  
Police Commissioner Elias Roberts is often mistaken for Mayor Kerr, of Hoboken, whom he greatly resembles.  
Commissioner Gannon, of the Board of Works, worked night and day just before election and is now dangerously ill in consequence.  
Dr. Roons, the dentist, has made a veritable picture gallery of his house on Communipaw avenue. His collection is a splendid one.

#### DOWNTOWN RAYS.

Sergt. Halpin is frequently referred to as "Doctor Halpin."  
President John B. Decker, of the Volunteer Firemen's Association, is often seen promenading lower Broadway.  
Capt. McCallagh, of the Elizabeth street station, has great trouble in keeping people from placing ashes on the sidewalk.  
Detective Zavriski II. Mullen, of the Oak street police, is twisted by a bad attack of rheumatism, but manages to remain on duty.

James Kennedy has been employed about Burlington slip for more than thirty years. The last fifteen years he has been a clerk in the Post-Commissioners' Office.

"What makes Newsdealer John H. Russell look so happy?" is the question asked nowadays.  
"Why, John was married last week to one of Brooklyn's fairest daughters," is the reply.

#### EIGHTEENTH DISTRICT WIGWAGITES.

Yes, all the boys will be there—at Harry Canady's christening.

Chaplain Charles Duffy has lovely gray hair for so young a man.

If you want to get Pat Moran angry ask him if he was ever in Buffalo.

Neely Gallagher is too liberal with his wealth. He treats the boys by proxy.

By the way, Patrick Craig has been elected Mayor of Hog Island, near Rockaway.

"I wonder if I will ever be an Alderman?" asks Johnny Doran. Referred to Pat Craig.

Joe Davis, of I. D. K. fame, is losing his hair. Studying law is making him bald-headed.

Tom Fay should stop singing "The Exile's Lament," the other people in the district say.

Richard Croker is fairly worshipped by the old guard and the young warriors of the district.

Jacob Wand, the grocer, is the Treasurer of the General Committee and the pious champion.

Ex-Senator John J. Cullen is as happy as ever and has ordered a new suit for the St. Louis trip.

Commissioner Croker says that John Campbell is one of the brightest young politicians in the city.

The young ladies of East Murray Hill are informed that John Courtney is rich and a bachelor.

Here is a chance for you, Leader Croker. John Butler would accept the wardenship of the Tombs.

Joseph Garry while in Los Angeles, Cal., was pointed out to crowds as a big Tammany Hall man.

Billy O'Brien is fixing up a new hostelry and he intends to give the boys a blow-out on the opening night.

Whisper it gently. There is a rumor that ex-Alderman Hugh F. Farrell is to marry a rich widow.

Frank Young, the Secretary of the committee, has golden hair. He should furrow his hair in the middle.

#### WORLDLINGS.

A Chicago newspaper makes the statement that a railroad train arrives or departs from that city every minute of the day.

As an evidence of the progress that modern ideas are making in Japan, it is stated that that country is now building thirty-four new railroads, at a cost of over \$60,000,000, and it has hundreds of miles of railroad already built.

Capt. Robert H. Taylor, who killed at the Asylum for the Insane in Lexington, Ky., recently, was the pioneer telegraph operator of the South, having been the first operator employed by the New Orleans and Opelousa company, which established the first telegraph line south of the Ohio in 1847.

A Kentucky newspaper claims the invention of the drink known as Tom and Jerry for Jack Shingler, an eccentric old shoemaker, who originated it a third of a century ago and named it after Thomas Jefferson and the biblical prophet Jeremiah.

A noted Greta Green, of the Northern Mississippi Valley, is Fairplay, a quiet old settlement in the northwestern part of Wisconsin, near the State line. Here hundreds of runaway lovers from Iowa and Illinois have been united in the bonds of matrimony after escaping the vigilance of parental opposition.

The editor of a Ford Gates (Ga.) newspaper is of the opinion that some dogs have a good idea of time. On Thursday, some weeks ago, he borrowed a friend's setter and went hunting. On every Thursday since the dog has appeared at the editor's door ready for another trip, and when refused has gone away an expression of disappointment almost human.

There are a number of women in Chicago who have become well known among the brokers for their daring ventures in the stock market. Many of them operate with a thousand shares at a time and several have balances of from \$60,000 to \$75,000 with their brokers. One of the first speculators, the widow of a railroad man, makes or loses \$50,000 at a venture.

#### News Summary.

The bill to admit South Dakota to the Union passes the Senate.

The wife of the ex-Rov. George C. Miln, the tragedian, has died for absolute divorce.

The Rev. C. P. Pittsford, of Westport, Mass., is mobbed by his fellow-citizens because he is too much with the ladies.

Alvin Woodhull, one of the women who swindled the late John G. and who has been arrested in London, will be brought back to New York for trial.

David R. Fotheringham, arrested in St. Louis in 1888 for the "Jim Cummings" express robbery, netted \$80,000 damages from the Adams Express Company for false imprisonment.

## THE PIRATE KING.

A Terror of the River Front.

From the Scrap-Book of  
ALEXANDER S. WILLIAMS,  
Inspector of the Metropolitan Police.

#### PART III.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

APT. WILLIAMS examined them carefully, and his suspicions now took the form of absolute certainty. He complimented the bar-keeper on his commendable piece of work. He summoned Policemen Musgrave and Keneally and started out to capture the Slaughter-House Gang and its desperate leaders. In a few moments they reached Robinson's saloon and found Waddy still in his chair fast asleep. He was awakened, and the first sight that met his bewildered gaze was the lowering figure of Capt. Williams, revolver in hand, and beside him two stalwart policemen with ugly-looking clubs in their hands ready for use should an emergency arise.

"You are my prisoner," sternly remarked the Captain. "Put the nippers on him and bring him along."

Waddy never lost his nerve. He returned the eagle-eyed gaze of the wily Captain without flinching and brazenly inquired what all this meant.

The response was a curt one. "You know what we want you for. You did that little job of piracy on the bay, and the coat on your back is a portion of the plunder."

Waddy had no more to say. He hurriedly felt in his pocket, missed the papers and merely said:

"I am your prisoner; do what you like with me."

He was taken to Oak street in irons and was locked securely in a cell. He was true to his oath and stubbornly refused to say a word concerning his associates in the crime or to admit that he had anything to do with it. His downcast looks and his air of general despondency, however, was proof that he had lost heart and felt sure that the Captain knew what he was doing.

Narrow colored ribbons, with plait edges, are worn flat, in rows, upon the figured chailles now so much worn. Narrow more ribbons are used in the same manner to trim plain chailles.

Nearly the most popular hat of the season is the turban, which is made of a big piece of straw and looks like a swan's neck. It is plaited and drawn over a soft crown and encircled with a puff or roll of velvet or silk. Loops are set high in front and a cluster of flowers is frequently added.

Young ladies now wear their short cloth jackets unbuttoned in the street on days, and have a single breast lower thrust through a buttonhole of the front.

It is becoming more and more the custom for ladies to wear a very tight-colored face veil to the theatre at night. By this means the face is kept in place, and the fair dame or damsel need have no anxiety about the adjustment of her "bangs" or crimps after she leaves her looking-glass.

#### IT HAS LISTENED TO MUCH ORATORY.

New the Ecclesiastical Court Will Hear Testimony Against Rev. Mr. Widmore.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

PHILADELPHIA, April 20.—The trial of the Rev. Howard T. Widmore has now reached the testimony-taking stage. The Ecclesiastical court listened to arguments yesterday, the fourth day of the trial, but before it adjourned to next Tuesday it decided to allow the Rev. John P. Hubbard to testify on one point, and he will be called to the stand next week.

The principal testimony yesterday was over the admission of some letters written by Bishop Stevens to the defendant about the subject matter of the charges. W. White Witham argued for the defendant that these letters were not a part of the official record of the diocese, but were private and confidential letters the Court should not require the defendant to produce them to his accusers. The prosecution argued that they were a part of the official record of the diocese and the defendant should be compelled to produce them at this stage of the trial.

When the Rev. John P. Hubbard was called the prosecution announced that they intended to prove by him that in a conversation with Bishop Stevens the defendant had admitted to him that he had his divorce from his first wife was not on the ground of infidelity, and that his wife was not his daughter, but his sister.

The Court finally decided that Mr. Hubbard might testify as to what passed between him and the defendant on the subject of his official communications with Bishop Stevens, and on nothing else. The Court then adjourned.

#### With Every Bottle.

(From Judge.)

Drug Clerk (to youth who wants something to aid the growth of his whiskers)—After the elixir makes your beard come out, then you can get the wind started through them with this little pair of bellows.

#### Work on Gettysburg Monuments.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

GETTYSBURG, Pa., April 20.—Major F. W. Watkins, Assistant Engineer, and Capt. John G. Noonan, Inspector for the New York Soldiers' Monument Commission, have returned to the city after the erection of monuments already contracted for. The movement to erect a costly memorial chapel at Gettysburg, Pa., has been given a new impetus yesterday by the visit of Bishop Howe, of this Episcopal diocese, to the monument grounds. He was accompanied by the Rev. John P. Hubbard, of Baltimore and High streets, purchased recently for this purpose, to vacate the premises as soon as the monument is erected.

Chas. E. Austin, the Buffalo lawyer, and M. Hallinan, of Washington, are at the St. James this morning.

#### New Yorkers for a Day.

Col. John Dan, of Troy, is at the Gilsey.

Morrie B. Bright, of Louisville, is at the Hoff.

L. O'cott, of Cleveland, has rooms at the Grand.

J. S. Smart, ex-collector of Customs at Cambridge, N. Y., is at the Gilsey.

Congressman John C. Spooner, of Hudson, Wis., has rooms at the Grand.

C. W. Kellogg, a Boston wholesale merchant, is accommodated at the Fifth Avenue.

John H. Camp, the wealthy manufacturer, from Lyons, N. Y., is at the Fifth Avenue.

Chas. E. Austin, the Buffalo lawyer, and M. Hallinan, of Washington, are at the St. James this morning.

Concluded to-morrow.

#### HELPING WOMEN IN LIFE'S STRUGGLE.

Thirteen Hundred Resolving Instruction in the Christian Association's Classes.

Many women and girls who are striving to become self-supporting are not aware of the help in this direction which is afforded by the free instruction given at the club-house of the Young Women's Christian Association, 7 East Fifteenth street.

There are classes in typewriting, stenography, bookkeeping, and in various departments of artistic work, such as the making of designs for china decoration, wall paper, tiles and textile fabrics. There are also classes in drawing and other modern lines.

The instruction given here is of the very best and is absolutely free to any woman who is, or who is seeking to become, self-supporting. Those applying for admission must of course give satisfactory reference as to character and must promise to conform to the rules of the establishment. This is all. There is no consideration of creed, the association being entirely non-sectarian.

The value of this free tuition is very evident to those women who find it so difficult to maintain themselves that they cannot afford to pay a small fee for the instruction which would lift them to the level of skilled workers in the branch of industry to which they have devoted themselves. Every wage-worker knows that, no matter what are the general industrial conditions, skilled labor always fetches its price, and the best and surest way to secure better wages is to become worth them. Therefore it is a great boon to well and thoroughly taught for nothing.

At the Young Women's Christian Association are also classes in needlework and in the time Roscoe was about sixteen years old he left home on account of one of these frequent misunderstandings.

Among the younger boys who attended the classes in the time Roscoe was about sixteen years old, William P. Robinson, who remembers that Conkling, much bigger and some older, pitched him into a deep snowbank one winter's day, head first, just for the fun of it. Roscoe, who was a very good boy, the awkward, red-haired youth, who, like all boys of that time, was a roundabout jacket, gave no indications of the elocution for which he was afterwards noted.

In fact, if the child is father to the man, there was nothing that his schoolmates can recall which promised for him a brilliant future.

Now Roscoe is a Professor of Mathematics in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute; Oscar Rathbun.

Among the anecdotes of Conkling's life here is a swimming episode, which shows the boys of his day were up to the tricks of those of the present. The story is that Roscoe and his older brother, Aurelian, who afterwards was the first Mayor of the city, were swimming in the Atlantic Ocean, near the big dam, near what the boys who swim there now call "Dug Out." They, of course, hung their clothes on the regulation hickory life preservers, and when they were in the water and crossed over to the opposite bank and up and down the stream. At any rate, some of the neighboring boys, probably to Roscoe's shame, told Conkling that he had halibut—shirts, roundabouts, breeches and all.

When the boys tired of the water and went to dress they discovered their loss. The boys who were in the water had crossed to the opposite side of the stream and commenced to taunt the Conklings, who stood on the bank as naked as when born. They flaunted their swim trunks, and there was nothing for Roscoe and his brother to do but give chase and recover their covering, for they could not go home as they were. Plunging into the water, the naked pair swam for the opposite shore and their clothes. When the boys who thought to keep them back by a fusillade of stones, and missiles few thick and fast around the swimmers. Roscoe's Conkling blood was up and they wouldn't retreat.

Notwithstanding the stones, they crossed the creek and gave chase for their clothes. The boys who were in the water had crossed to the opposite side of the stream and commenced to taunt the Conklings, who stood on the bank as naked as when born. They flaunted their swim trunks, and there was nothing for Roscoe and his brother to do but give chase and recover their covering, for they could not go home as they were. Plunging into the water, the naked pair swam for the opposite shore and their clothes. When the boys who thought to keep them back by a fusillade of stones, and missiles few thick and fast around the swimmers. Roscoe's Conkling blood was up and they wouldn't retreat.

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